SIVE

NAMES OF SINGS.

Europe. As a matter of fact, these are very complicated, and to know them is

quite an effort of the niemory. In the case

of royalty the family name has been, in

most cases, taken from the name of the

castle in which the founder of the race

Mistakes are very frequently made

tin.
Likewise the King of Portugal, strictly

son of the old Count of Paris, Don Carlos and Alfonso XIII, the infant King of Spain.

AS A BUILDING MATERIAL.

Some of the Uses Which Can Be Made of Cork.

One of the lightest substances is cork,

which is also the worst conductor of heat and sound; it will not absorb water when

mcderately compressed. Possessing such

valuable properties, cork should find a wider

range of utility than stoppers for vessels

containing liquids which do not attack organic substances. Cork is the bark of an

cak tree which grows on the coasts of

northern Africa and southern Europe.

After being deprived of its hard, non-elas-

tic and useless elements, the bark is cut

into square pieces and turned in the lathe

to any desired form. The waste cork, or

turnings, is considerably more than 20 per cent of the whole, so that the problem is the utilization of this waste. Thousands of bricks and tiles have been made in France

of pulverized cork, and proved entirely satisfactory.

Two kinds of strengthening cements,

Two kinds of strengthening cements, which can be molded into any shape, have been in use. The first contains powder or small pieces of cork, plaster of Paris, dextrine and sesquioxide of iron. The second contains, in addition, oxchloride of zinc, which makes the composition practically.

which makes the composition practically

water-proof. Like cork, these cements are

Among the applications the cement could

Among the applications the cement could be used to keep cold or heat in a room, pipe or other receptacle. A cork concrete floor completely deadens sound, as in a library or for partitions between offices. Where troublesome vibration occurs, as near running machinery, cork composition may be used with advantage. As to elasticity the walls of a powder factory ware

Bloomer Accidents Will Happen.

companions on the piazza:

that."

From Ice and Refrigerater.

rom the Philadelphia Press.

the dear old-fashioned things smiled up at "Lady Washington," and sweet Nelly Custis, and Betty Lewis, and Rochambeau, L'Enfant, Hamilton, Jefferson and Lafay-

ette.

Then there is the "school room"—the queer little tower room in the rounded corner of the garden—where Tobias Lear, a remarkable young man who was private secretary to Washington, used to act as tutor to Nelly Custis and Lawrence Lewis.

The Nelly Custis Rose.

double, with soft, velvety petals and per-

fume as sweet as the memory of the dainty

creature for whom the great Washington

named it. The roses bloom today, even as

they bloomed in the long ago years, when men came to woo, and one won this fairest

of all the rosebud garden of girls to wear

in his heart of hearts. This rose has a wonderful spell, so the colored people will tell you; for they say, and give much proof to substantiate it, that it was under this rosebush that Lawrence Lewis told his

The School House, Mt. Vernon.

never told it, and so was imparted to it the

After Four Presidents.

Just inside the entrance to the garden are

four calyanthus or sweet shrub bushes.

ton by Thomas Jefferson. They were a great novelty in that day. When they

he craved permission to plant with his own hands in that friend's garden. These came from the tomb of Napoleon, who said to his army in Egypt, when the news was brought to him of the death of the first

Washington, the friend of liberty, is

The Servants' Quarters.

On the north side of the garden, instead

of a wall, stands the low brick building

once the servants' quarters, with the entrance from the other side. One awfully

bitter night in December, 1835, these quarters, and the conservatory adjoining, burned to the ground. These quarters were fully restored by the contributions of the school children of Kansas in 1888, and they look now just as they did when careful Martha Washington used to stir things up out in the servants' quarters a century see

Old-Fashioned Flowers.

There are so many pretty flowers in the

garden, sweet, old-fashioned flowers like touch-me-nots, sweet williams, four-

o'clocks,phlox, East Indian lilies, asters, for

hollyhocks such as used to fill the quaint

and exquisite markings, sipping sweets

with wire netting to keep sacrilegious dals from carrying it off piecemeal.

A Low-Cut Dress.

At a rendition of the "Messiah" (oratorio)

a lady in an extremely low-cut dress ap-

A young lady turns to her escort and

says: "Trere, Charley, what do you think of that costume?"
Charley-"Well, it is very charming, but I think it would be more appropriate for

think it would be more appropriate for 'The Creation' than "The Messiah.' "

He Almost Fought.

British lion.

From Life.

pears to sing the solos.

ousin Nelly Custis that he loved her, and y the same token sweet Nelly said yes; nd only the rose knew the secret; but it

Oh, yes, and there is the Nelly Custis

White as the driven snow, raggedly

TREES AND FLOWERS

What the Old Garden at Mount Vernon Contains.

Geometrical Beds Bounded by Box Hedges.

THE NELLY CUSTIS ROSE



and the only thing been "restored." is the flower garden. That is, it would be called pretty if one admires strictly geo-

exact eye and exacter measurement can make it, the broad center path separating the "twin" counterparts. Everybody knows and talks of Washing-

ton the "general," but there are comparatively few who have given a thought to Washington the "gardener." Washington was a lover of nature. Mayhap, had his

ington inherited Mt. Vernon from Law-rence Washington, his older brother, and most people have an idea that he got along with it that great, big house, and the quaint gardens—the flower garden balanced by the



prary of the "mansion" house are the plans for the gardens, drawn by Washington's own hand, with every tree and shrub in the grounds indicated by name, exactly as they stand now, and after he had supped his fill of honors he began to put into execution those plans for embellishing and beautifying his spacious grounds at Mt. Vernen.

Washington must have "chained" the

The walls of this garden are of brick, with "oyster-shell" cement. They have been capped with a row of new brick, as a kind of foundation for a wooden paling which has been put up, but that is all the look so awfully old that the Star writer poked them with an umbrella to see if they would crumble, much to the merriment of the colored servitor—not one of the body

Just at the entrance to the flower garden are four splendid great big trees, two ash and two tulip trees. Washington planted them with his own hands, and they grew thrifty and strong under his fostering care. thrifty and strong under his fostering care. They form a perfect square as they stand. Inside the brick wall is a row of box and a wide path all around the garden, and next to that comes another row of the box, about four feet high and a yard across the top, cut as smooth as a piece of cheese and as square up and down as though evened with square and level. It was just so that Washington left it. Inside this green-leaved wall are the quaint geometric designs, which a great many people believe hold hidden meanings—a kind of Baconian cipher, perhaps, which has never yet yielded up its secret. Some say it tells Masonic secrets, and others see in it initials. Experience in Newspaper Work.

FIRST PAPER WEST OF THE MISSOURI

Bleeding Kansas Absorbed All the Public Attention.

COMMUNAL HEREDITY

(Copyrighted by George Grantham Bain.)



ASKED SECRE few days ago, to tel journalism-for he be Unlike most editors of country weeklies. his paper and ran it

revenue only, but for the more satisfactory purpose of increasing the value of property in which he was interested.

Secretary's office in the building of the Department of Agriculture. The evidences of preciable extent. There was a vase of resh cut flowers on his desk. There is always one on the desk of the Secretary of Agriculture. The flowers come from the lepartment conservatory, and it has been the custom to decorate the Secretary's desk with them since the conservatory was built. Behind Mr. Morton, hanging above the mantel, was a three-quarter length oil painting of his predecessor, Secretary Rusk, life-size, and looking very natural. On the south wall of the room was a modestly framed picture of the Secretary's home in Nebraska. Ranged along the mantel were a few calendars issued by firms interested in agricultural specialties. But any one who expects to find prize pumpkins decorating the corners of the Secretary's office, or hayseed in the Secretary's hair, will be grievously disappointed. Mr. Morton's environment is not in the slightest degree egricultural

"The first newspaper work I did was for the Chicago Times," said Mr. Morton, and while he talked his right hand moved ceaselessly, signing long, blue documents. "I was in the university then. The first of my work that attracted attention was a series of articles against the know-nothingsagainst secret societies. When I was twen against secret societies. When I was twenty-two years old I issued the first newspaper ever printed on the other side of the Missouri river. There had been a paper with an Omaha date line issued July 4, 1854; but it was printed in Council Bluffs. The first issue of the Nebraska City News was the first paper printed west of the Missouri. It was issued April 12, 1855."

"With a sworn circulation of "Oh, we had a population of only a hundred people. But the paper was not issued to make money. Its object was to attract attention to the town and help us to sell town lots. The town company paid for getting it out, and paid me a salary for

town lots. The town company paid for getting it out, and paid me a salary for running it. It was circulated chiefly outside the town. I was a member of the town company, and as I had had some experience writing for newspapers—for the Chicago Times and the Detroit Free Press—I was chosen editor at a salary of 350 a month. My pay included also a certain interest in the sale of town property. The original contract is on file with our Historical Society. We had quite an establishment. There was a foreman, a 'jour.' printer and a devil. the roots of which were sent to Washing-

"I have kept up my acquaintance with the devil-that particular devil-to this day. I hear from him every little while. He is living in California. 'Johnnie' Freeman he row. Down at the end of the walk next to the green houses are two immense oak-leafed hydrangea bushes, which Lafayette brought over in 1824 as a memento of living love for his "dear friend," and which ha craved permission to plant with his own his ambition and became the owner of the his ambition and became the owner of the buckskin trousers; but the first time he 'rolled' he got them all smeared with ink. That troubled him. He knew that buckskin had a habit of shrinking when wet. He knew that if he took off those trousers and cleaned them there were chances that he would not be able to get into them

and cleaned them there were chances that he would not be able to get into them again.

"So he determined to keep them on and wash them. He went at it, and got off a great part of the ink. But when those trousers dried they shrank so that they rearly killed h.a. They fitted him tighter than his skin. He stood it as long as he could and then he begged some one to cut them off. That was the end of the buck-skin trousers. Not long after a freighter came along and offered 'Johnnie' \$50 a month and found to drive bulls across the prairie. He left us and went out to California. There he made some money prospecting, I believe, and became rich growing wheat. He lives in Woodland now. He sent me a picture of the town not long ago and one of the finest houses in the place is the home of Mr. John Freeman. I have never seen him since he started across the prairie punching bulls.
"We had a hard time attracting, attention to our town," said the Secretary. "You see, we labored under the disadvantage of being just above Kansas. We were a quiet, unassuming people who had come west because we wanted to make our homes there and open up the country. Kansas was settled by a lot of Blue Lodge people from the south, who had come out with riftes and Bibles to establish a God-fearing abolition

setts, who had come out with rifles and Bibles to establish a God-fearing abolition state. Kansas began suffering and bleed-ing and kicking up a great row before Ne-braska had a chance to attract any one's

Still Bleeding Kansas. has always been the same sort of state, and all the parties there seem to be tarred with the same stick. As I said, Kansas with the same stick. As I said, Kansas absorbed public notice, and, as a result, we couldn't get anyone to look at us for a time. We circulated our paper through the east, but it rever got us a notice from an eastern journal. Finally I made up my mind to do something to make people talk about us. I sent to St. Louis and got some of the old cuts used in the slave states to advertise for lost slaves—you remember them—the figure of the negro with a stick over his shoulder. Then I got some glass figures of negroes and had some of our people run away with them, and I advertised them in the Nebraska City News as run away negroes. The New York Tribune saw it and turned loose on us immediately. Up to that time Nebraska had not been thought of as a point of conand exquisite markings, sipping sweets from every blossom.

By the tulip tree at the gateway stands a rcck maple. Just across the "green" stands a magnolia grandiflora. Mt. Vernon marks the southern limit of the thrifty growth of the one and the northern limit of the propagation of the other. This magnolia is the last tree that Washington set out with his own hands, and it has to be kept wrapped with wire netting to keep sacrilegious vannot been thought of as a point of con-troversy in the slave question. The Tri-bune started us, though, and after that we got plenty of notices from the eastern pa-

> endencies are far from good, "I ran the Nebraska City News for some years. I turned it over to several people at different times, and had to take it back again. Finally I got rid of it entirely, and I have done no newspaper work since, except some occasional writing for the Chicago Times, when Wilbur F. Story

EDITOR was at the head of it. I write occasional articles for magazines now, and those I usually dictate. But I find that dictation is apt to spoil style. It makes one too prolix."

BY EUGENE WOOD.

Family Designations of European Royalties Incorrectly Used. A Bedtime Story to Be Told Pending the Not one person out of a thousand, if he Arrival of the Sand Man. had a fair day's start and the privilege of rummaging among encyclopedias, could trace out the real family names of the rulers of

(Copyright, 1895.)

One time there was a little girl, and her name was Annie. She wore a pink dress and a big, wide hat to keep the sun off her face. One day her papa didn't go down town, and she asked him if he would take her fishing, because he told her once that Mistakes are very frequently made through ignorance, and these mistakes are so frequently quoted they become accepted as facts. The English royal family are known, for example, as Guelphs, the Russian royal family as Romanoffs and the Portuguese kingly house as Braganzas. All of these, it now seems, are wrong.

Le Figaro of Paris has gone into this subject quite extensively, and the facts that it has brought together are well worth setting down. Queen Victoria, according to this authority, was originally Miss Azon, or Miss Azon von Este. She was descended, as were the other members of the house of Brunswick-Luneburg and Hanover, from Azon, Margrave of Este. The Prince of Wales, the son of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, has naturally his father's family name. He is spoken of more correctly than any of the other royal personages of Europe. Descended from the Wettins, which line was founded in the twelfth century, his actual name is Mr. Albert Edward Wettin. she could go with him some of these days. "Isn't it some of these days now?" she asked him, and he said yes, it was, and if her mamma said she could go, why, he would take her.

So her mamma said that if she would be a good little girl and wouldn't let her papa get lost or fall in the water she could go, and the little girl jumped up and down and said: "Oh, goody! Goody!" and ran out in and the little girl jumped up and down and said: "Oh, goody! Goody!" and ran out in the back yard, where her papa was digging under some big boards and was putting some big, fat fishworms into an empty baking powder can. They squirmed and wriggled, but they couldn't get away, and when he caught enough he covered them up with dirt so they wouldn't feel bashful, the little girl said. Then he took down a box from a shelf in the closet, and it had in it a whole lot of string and hooks and it lightly and said the little girl, "you eat grasshoppers and worms and things, "I don't care!" said the little girl, "you eat grasshoppers and worms and things, "That's a different thing," said the sun-fish. "I wasn't talking about worms and grasshoppers. What I'm talking about now is catching you and putting you on a hook, so it will stick into that red thing that flops around when you talk. Come on, fishes!"

They all made a rush for her and the little girl ran as fast as she could, but they

Likewise the King of Portugal, strictly speaking, has the same family name. He was a grandson of another Prince of Coburg, who married the then Queen of Portugal, and thereby became ruler of that country. Ferdinand of Bulgaria comes from exactly the same stock and is Ferdinand Wettin. A cousin of his, and of the same family name, is the present monarch of Belgium, Leopold II, a prince of Saxe-Coburg having ascended the Belgium throne in 1831. Hohenzollern is not the family name of the German line that is now upon the throne. Their true name is Zollern, Thassilon, the first Count of Zollern, having founded the race about 800. In the year 1300 the Zollern family had two male decondants the Count of Zollern and the

ready to go except the lunch.

The little girl's mamma got that ready and put into a nice basket cake and ple, and sandwiches and pickles, and hardbolled eggs, and I don't know what all.

So they got on the trolley car and rode away out past where the cars live and sleep in the night time, and they got to where the trolley man said: "All out! Far as we go," and then they walked a long way through a pasture, where there was a cow, and the cow looked at the little girl and said, "M-moo-oo-oo-a!" but the little girl held on tight to her father's hand, and I guess the cow was afraid to hook her.

"If she come running at me," the little girl said, "I'd 'a' sticked her right in the eye with my fishing pole, and she would holler, 'Ouch!' Wouldn't she, papa?"

They went along, and went along, till pretty soon they came to the fishing place. The little girl's papa fixed the worms on the hooks, and Annie turned her head because she couldn't bear to look at the poor worms, all quirning, as if it hurt them to be stuck on the hooks. Then they sat right still, for the fishes don't like noisy people to come around where they are. Annie sat so long that she began to think fishing wasn't nearly as much fun as some other games, such as "P'tend we was keepin' house, and I was the mamma," when there was a little twitch on the end of her line, as if somebody is trying to get my line away from me."

"Well, den't you let him. That's a fish. Pull quick!" 13:00 the Zollern family had two male descendants, the Count of Zollern and the Burgrave of Nuremburg. Fr. m the latter comes the present royal house of the German empire. So William II is William Zollern. The King of Roumania is another representative of this line, and has precisely the same name.

The Capets are: The Duke of Orleans, the son of the old Count of Paris. Don Carlos and Alfonso XIII, the infant King of Spain. Their progenitor was Hugues Capet, the original Count of Paris, who ascended the throne of France in 987.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Pungary, the Queen Regent of Spain and Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, are Ethichons. The original Ethichon was a Duke of Alsace, who lived about the year 614. Humbert, King of Italy, is Mr. Savola, and Oscar II of Sweden, Bernadotta. The original of this name was a French general, who was made King of Sweden in 1818, and was called Charles XIV. Pope Leo XIII's real name is Joachim Pecci. Alexander I of Servia has the name of Obrenowitch, and Nicholas I, Prince of Montinegro, is Mr. Niegoch.

"Well, don't you let him. That's a fish. Pull quick!"
She pulled, and the fish pulled, and her papa helped her, and pretty soon she saw something shining down in the water, and she hallooed out: "Oh, papa! I've caught a spoon!" It did look like a spoon; but spoons don't wiggle around in the water and try to run this way and that. In a minute the fish was out on the ground, all kicking around and getting himself tangled up in the line. He flopped right against Annie's bare foot, and she squealed: "Don't let him bite me!"
Her papa got hold of him and took him off the hook, and the little girl could see how the hook had stuck into the roof of how the hook had stuck into the roof of his mouth, and she felt real sorry for the poor fish, because it must have hurt him. Then her papa strung him on a line, and let him swim around in the water.

him swim around in the water. "He'll get away, won't he, papa?" the little girl asked when she saw him switch-

make that nasty noise it did when she lay down in the bath tub.

She floated along under the water and the fishes swam up to her and said: "Why, hello! This is a little girl. What's your name, little girl?"
"Annie"

name, little girl?"

"Annie."

"What did she say her name was?"
asked a big, bright sunfish, and held up
a fin to his ear.

"She said her name was Annie."

"Annie? Annie? I don't think I ever
heard that name before. Sure it isn't Killie or Porgie or Miunie? I've heard them.
I think they're real nice, don't you?"

"Minnie is a nice name, but I don't think
Killie would be pretty for little girls."

"Well, Annie, what did you come down
here for?"

"Say, get onto his nibs on the bike. He'll

fish. "Anything good to eat?"
"Yes, indeed," said Annie. "Won't you

like some people who are afraid to try things. It doesn't look very nice, do you think? I've seen mud that was just that

color."

The sunfish winked at the others as he said this. Annie didn't think it was very nice of him to act that way, but she held up the cake for the sunfish to bite. He took a nibble and then tasted; then he bit off some more and tasted that.

"Who made this?" he asked.

"My mamma."

"Well, you tell your mamma she didn't get it pink enough."

"Well, you tell your mamma she didn't get it pink enough."

"Not pink enough?"

"Not near. And she wants to make it more stringy. It all breaks into little pieces. She must make it so that when you bite on a piece all you've got to do is to keep on swallowing and the rest of it comes right along. You can tell her the taste of it is all right, though."

"Give me some." said the bass. He tried "Give me some," said the bass. He tried some. "Ah! Cooked to death:
"Now you try some worm," said the sun-

"Oh, yes, you must. I ate some of your cake and you must eat some worm. It isn't manners when you won't even try it."

The little girl held back; but the sunfish took her by the sleeve and led her along. "See, right there." He pointed with his fin. "There are two nice ones, tough and stringy—yum, yum. You take this and I'll take the other. Company first."

"I'm afraid," said the little girl.

"Oh, pshaw!" said the sunfish. "They won't bite. Go ahead."

"There's hooks in 'em," said the little girl.

"There's hooks in 'em," said the little girl,
"Hooks! How do you know?" screamed the sunfish, and made his eyes stick out.
"'Cause just before I came down here my papa put them in."

The sunfish looked at her as cross as anything. "So it was you did that, was it?" Then he halloced out: "Fishes! Oh, fishes! This little girl has been putting hooks into things to catch us!"
"I did not," said Annie. "My papa did that. All I did was to pull out the fishes when they got caught on the hook. I—I—didn't think it was going to hurt them."
"You didn't think it would hurt us, eh? How would you like to have a hook stuck in your mouth?"
The other fishes swam up and began to ask: "What's the matter? What's she been doing?" and when the sunfish told them they all said: "Aw! Ain't she awful? Mercy!"
"I don't care!" said the little girl, "you

Mercy!"
"I don't care!" said the little girl, "you

the fittle girl said. Then he took down a hot from a shelf in the closet, and it had in it a whole lot of string and hooks and lead weights and things like that, and he got two poles, a big one for him and a little one for Annie, and then they were all ready to go except the lunch.

The little girl's mamma got that ready and put into a nice hasket cake and ple.

That night when her mamma put Annie.

herself on the bank beside her father, and he said: "Well, you've had a nice long nap."

That night when her mamma put Annie to bed, she said sleeplly: "Mamma, the sunfish said you must make your cake more pink and stringy."

Then her mamma said: "Why, what is the child talking about?" But Annie was too sleepy to tell her and you ought to be in bed with your eyes shut your own self.

A Ghost Story.

From the London Literary World.
J. Henniker Heaton tells an interesting sequel to the most famous Australian ghost story, which came to his knowledge as one of the proprietors of the leading New South Wales weekly, "The Town and Country Journal." One of the most famous murder cases in Australia was discovered by the cases in Australia was discovered by the ghost of the murdered man sitting on the rail of a dam (Australian for horse pond), into which his body had been thrown. Numberless people saw it, and the crime was duly brought home.

Years after a dying man making his confession said that he invented the ghost. He witnessed the crime, but was threatened with death if he divulged it, as he wished to and the confession was the same of the confession was also because of the con

to, and the only way he saw out of the impasse was to affect to see the ghost where the body would be found. As soon as he started the story, such is the power of nervousness that numerous other pe ple began to see it, until its fame reached such dimensions that a search was made, and the body found, and the murderers

The English Labor Market.

from the Ashton Reporter. A memorandum prepared by the labor department of the board of trade for June states that on the whole there has been improvement during the month in the state of the labor market, and that the percentage of the unemployed in the unions making returns has declined. In the 86 trade unions 5.6 per cent of men are reported as unemployed at the end of June, as compared with 6 per cent in May and 5.3 per cent in the 52 unions making returns for June, 1894. The building trades continue busy. The percentage of unemployed in unions making returns remains the same as in May, viz. 25. compared with 3.5. as in May, viz., 2.5, compared with 3.5, June, 1894. In the cotton trade employment for spinners shows no improvement, but weavers are somewhat better employed than in May. The woolen trade is brisk, overtime in some cases being worked; the worsted trade is also well employed. The hosiery trade has continued to improve; the slik trade is fairly well employed. Information received with regard to 284 targormation received with regard to 284 targormatics. formation received with regard to 284 tex-tile mills, employing nearly 66,000 women and girls, shows that 87 per cent were in mills giving full employment, as compared with 84 per cent in May.

Threadbare Genius Rewarded.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

A moldy looking wayfarer knocked at the back door of a humble dwelling in the arbs the other morning and inquired of the woman who answered the knock: "Do you want your plane tuned today

"Land sakes!" she replied. "We haven't any piano. "Perhaps the frescoing in your parlo

needs touching up a little," he suggested.
"There ain't any frescoing in the par-

lor."

A look of deep melancholy settled on the face of the tourist.

"I am very sorry," he said. "By doing this kind of work for our best people I make my living. I was hoping I might be able by the exercise of one of my callings in your tasty cottage to earn my

fast—"
"Lord love you, come right in!" cordially
exclaimed the woman, opening the door
wide. "You're a greasy fraud, and I know
it, but you've got talent, and I admire talent wherever I meet it. How'll you have
your eggs—hard or soft boiled?"

Death of the Crowing Hen.

From Lippincott's Magazine. At a very recent date, in many parts of our country, it was a sign of bad luck for a hen to crow. Just why, is difficult to trace; perhaps, because it was considered the assumption by a female of masculine prerogatives. Whenever a hen dared attempt it, she was run down by the united efforts of all the children on the premises, and her head paid the forfeit.

A recent traveler in Kentucky writes that A recent traveier in Kentucky writes that while visiting at the country home of a friend a hen was heard to crow. Instantly the cry was raised, "Catch her! Kill her!" He interposed in the hen's behalf by reminding his hosts that this was an "age of rights," and she was, therefore, not guilty of any wrongdoing. They scoffed at his heterodoxy, and the clamor that followed prepared him for the return of the pursuers bearing the head of the foolish fowl.

A Victous Criticism.

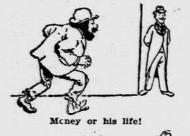
From the Chicago Record. "Miss De Puyser has a magnificent new plano next door." "Listen-isn't she playing on it now?" "Yes, that is she."
"Well," after a pause, "I should think she'd be able to get worse music out of a cheaper instrument."

Game in the West.

From Harper's Bazar. "Wnat game have you today?" he asked as he entered the western cafe.
"Dice and poker," said the waiter.

The Changed Situation

From Fliegende Blatter.





RAILROADS.

Buffalo.

10:40 P.M. for Erle, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls deily, Sleeping Car Washington to Elmira.

For Philadelphia, New York and the East.

4:00 P.M. "CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED," all Parlor Cars with Dining Car; from Baltimore, for New York daily, for Philadelphia week-days.

Regular at 7:05 (Dining Car), 7:20, 9:00, 10:00 (Dining Car), and 11:35 P.M. on Sanday, 7:05 (Dining Car), 7:20, 9:00, 11:00 (Dining Car), A.M., 12:15, 3:15, 4:20, 6:40, 10:00, and 11:35 P.M. For Philadelphia only, Fast Express, 7:50 A.M. week-days. Express, 2:01 and 5:40 P.M. daily.

P.M. daily, For Boston without change, 7:50 A.M. week-days, and 3:15 P.M. daily, for Baltimore, 6:25, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 9:00, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, and 11:50 A.M., 12:15, 2:01, 3:16, 3:40 4:00 Limited), 4:20, 4:35, 5:40, 6:05, 6:40, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40, 11:15, and 11:35 P.M. On Sunday, 7:05, 7:20, 9:00, 9:05, 10:30, 11:00 A.M., 12:15, 1:15, 2:01, 3:15, 3:40 4:700 Limited), 4:20, 5:40, 6:05, 6:40, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40, and 11:35 P.M. Pope's Creek Line, 7:20 A.M. and 4:36 P.M. for Pope's Creek Line, 1:30 A.M., 12:15 and 4:20 daily, except Sunday, 9:00 A.M., 12:15 and 4:20 P.M. daily, except Sunday, Sundays, 9:00 A.M. and 4:20 P.M. Express for Richmond, Jackson Line, Express for Richmond, Jackson and 4:20 P.M.

Atlantic Coast Line. Express for Richmond, Jacksonville and Tampa, 4:30 A.M., 3:30 P.M. daily. Richmond and Atlanta, 8:40 P.M. daily. Richmond only, 10:57 A.M. week-days.

Accommodation for Quantico, 7:45 A.M. daily, and 4:25 P.M. week-days.

For Alexandria, 4:30, 6:35, 7:45, 8:40, 9:45, 10:57, 11:50 A.M., 12:50, 1:40, 3:20, 4:25, 5:00, 5:37, 6:15, 8:02, 10:10, and 11:39 P.M. On Sunday at 4:30, 7:45, 9:45 A.M., 2:45, 6:15, 8:02, and 10:10 P.M.

P.M. Leave Alexandria for Washington, 6:05, 6:43, 7:05, 6:00, 9:10, 10:15, 10:28 A.M., 1:00, 2:15, 3:00, 3:23, 5:00, 5:30, 6:13, 7:00, 7:20, 9:10, 10:52, and 11:08 P.M. On Sunday at 6:43, 9:10, 10:28 A.M., 2:15, 5:30, 7:00, 7:20, 9:10, and 10:52 P.M.

daily.

For Cape May, 10:00 A.M. (Saturdays only), 12:15
P.M. week-days, and 11:35 P.M. daily.

Ticket offices, northeast corner of 13th street and
Pennsylvania avenue, and at the station, 6th and
B streets, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and residences.

S. M. PREVOST.

J. B. WOOD.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

uls. :01 P.M.—Local for Strasburg, daily, except Sun

4:01 F.M.—Dotal for Charlottesville.

4:45 P.M.—Dally—WASHINGTON AND SOUTH10:43 P.M.—Dally—WASHINGTON AND SOUTHWESTERN VESTIBULED LIMITED, composed of
Pullman Neetibuled Sleepers and Dining Cars, Pullman Sleepers Washington to Chattanooga, via Sallisbury, Asheville and Knoxville. New York to Monaphis via Rirmingham, New York to New Orleans via
Atlanta and Montgomery, and New York to Tampa
via Charlotte, Columbia and Jacksonville. Vestibuled
Day Coach Washington to Atlanta. Parlor Car Coto Montgomery.

Day Coach Washington to Atlanta. Parlor Car Columbia to Augusta. Dining Car from Greensboro'
to Mentgomery.

TRAINS RETWEEN WASHINGTON AND ROUND
HILL leave Washington 9:01 A.M. daily, 1:00
P.M. and 4:39 P.M. daily, except Sunday, and 6:25
P.M. Sundays only, for Round Hill, and 4:32 P.M.
daily, except Sunday, for Leesburg; 6:25 P.M. daily
for Herndon. Returning, arrive at Washington 8:28
A.M. and 7:00 P.M. daily, and 2:25 P.M. daily except Sunday from Round Hill, 8:34 A.M. daily except Sunday from Round Hill, 8:34 A.M. daily except Sunday from Leesburg and 7:06 A.M. daily,
except Sunday, from Herndon only.

Through trains from the south arrive at Washington
6:42 A.M., 2:29 P.M. and 8:30 P.M. daily,
Manassan Division, 9:45 A.M. daily, except Sunday,
and 8:40 A.M. daily from Charlottesville.

Tickets. Sleeping Car reservation and information
nurnished at offices, 511 and 1300 Pennsylvania avenue, and at Pennsylvania Railroad Passenger Station.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent.

J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.

W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agent,
my20 L. S. Brown, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY. Schedule in effect July 1, 1895.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

Schedule in effect July 1, 1895.

Trains leave daily from Union Station (B. and P.), 6th and B sts.

Through the grandest scenery in America, with the handsomest and most complete solid train service west from Washington.

2:25 P.M. DAILY.—"Cincinnati and St. Louis Special"—Solid Vestibuled, Newly Equipped, Electric-lighted, Steam-heated Train. Pullman's finest sleeping cars Washington to Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis without change. Dining Car from Washington. Arrive Cincinnati 8:00 a.m.; Indianapolis, 11:30 a.m., and Chicago, 5:30 p.m.; St. Louis, 6:45 p.m.; Lexington, 8:33 a.m.; Louisville, 11:50 a.m.

11:10 P.M. DAILY.—The famous "F.F.V. Limited." A solid vestibuled train, with dining car and Pullman Sleepers for Cincinnati, Lexington and Louisville without change, Pullman Sleeper Washington to Virginia Hot Springs, without change, week days. Observation car from "Hinton. Arrive Cincinnati, 5:50 p.m.; Lexington, 6:00 p.m.; Louisville, 9:40 p.m.; Indianapolis, 11:05 p.m.; Colnego, ":30 a.m., and St. Louis, 7:30 a.m.; connects in Union Depot for all points.

10:57 A M., EXCEPT SUNDAY.—For Old Point Comfort and Norfolk. Only rail line.

2:25 P.M. DAILY.—Express for Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Waynesboro', Staunton and principal Virginia points, delly; for Richmond, daily, except Sunday.

Pullman locations and tickets at company's offices, 513 and 1421 Pennsylvania avenue.

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AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL CONSULT THE OLD reliable specialist, Dr. Brothers, 906 B st. s.w.; 50 years' experience in treatment of all diseases of men; consultation free and strictly confidential, 727-lm.

MOUNT VERNON.

ANCIENT TREES WITH HISTORIES

HE PRETTIEST thing at Mt. Vernon

metric designs and curlycues, for that what you will find in the old gardens, each individual one as "sot" as an

footsteps led him out of war instead of into it, he might have been another Thoreau, though it is not likely that he would have been as self-complacent a student of nature, for he loved his kind, and Thoreau loved only himself.

Of course, everybody knows that Wash-ington inherited Mt. Vernon from Law-

kitchen garden on the other side of the "bowling green." The house was only a "villa" when it came to Washington, and the gardens were nil. Hanging in the library of the "mansion" house are the plans for the gardens, drawn by Washington's own hand.

Geometrical Measurements

grounds off with the aid of a compass, and marked the "metes and bounds" with unerring accuracy, for anything more distressingly regular than the arrangemen could not be imagined. He had added two wings to the villa, and then named it the "Mansion," and he built two curved colon-nades-one on each side, joined, one to the kitchen on the south, and the other to its twin, the spinning house, on the north, and they are in turn balanced by buildings as like as two peas, and so on, down to the very garden walls on each side-kitchen garden on the south and flower garden on the north. The flower garden, as has been stated, stands just as it did on that long ago December day when Washington died.

Martha Washington used to stir things up out in the servants' quarters a century ago. Of all the beautiful plants and flowers gathered from every clime and hundreds of rare ones presented to Washington, only three were saved from destruction by the flames—a lemon tree, which was full of fruit, a century plant and a sago palm. The lemon tree's children grown sturdy and strong above its roots, and the century plant, brought from Porto Rico to Washington by a friend in 1798, goes right on growing stiff and defiant, never looking any older, because it always looked as old as it possibly could, and the sago palm has a thrifty growth of children about its hoary old body. It has a story, too. It came over in the ship that brought the tea into Boston harbor which brewed such a drastic dose that it turned the stomach of the British lion. From Old Walls. brought from England and put together change that has been made. The bricks get-me-nots, wall flowers, sunflowers, and old-fashioned vases on the marble mantels in the mansion, when "Lady Washington," in her best bib and tucker, entertained the grandees of two continents. And over them, flitting about in the hot perfume-burdened air, were butterflies of brilliant hue

the colored servitor—not one of the body servants of Washington—who was watering the plants in the garden.

"Lawd bress you, honey chile, dat ar fence gwine stan' dere long arter you dun gon' to dus'. 'Deed hit ar'.

"'Deed, I reckon hit war de gineral hisself," was the prompt reply to the question of "Who built it." "He seem mighty fon' of grubbin' roun'," went on the old fellow. "He set out dem trees by de gate, an' de ole pear trees you dun jus' pass, an' all dis heah box."

cipher, perhaps, which has never yet yielded up its secret. Some say it tells Masonic secrets, and others see in it initials. To The Star writer they looked as though the French "jardinier" whom Washington imported, contrary to the allen labor law, to do the fancy work in his gardens had undertaken to "grow" flower pots. There are squares and triangles, oblongs and odd little circles of neatly shaved box, which look for all the world like small green painted wash tubs, in which nasturtiums and cannas, "old man" and cosmos and quantities of other plants are struggling for life. All that box has been standing there for a century and a quarter nearly, and its roots have grown out and over the garden, till a few inches below the surface there is a whole lumber yard of boxwood, which saps the moisture and eats the nourishment from the soil till it is a wonder that the poor little flowers can grow at all. But they do, and they smile up at you just as

Secretary Morton Relates an Early

tary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton, a me something of his early experience in gan life as the editor of a country weekly.

not in the interest of journalism or

West of the Missouri.

power to make loving hearts happy ever after. If you know that one you love is diffident, or over modest, all you have to do is to get him in smelling distance of this Nelly Custis rose, and he will pour out his love at your feet without reservation, or, if you can't get him there, put some of it under his pillow to dream over. if you can't get him there, put some of it under his pillow to dream over.

Off over under the shadow of the old pear tree that Washington planted grows another tall and rather stately rosebush, with fragrant blossoms of a sea-shell plink. This rose, which was a sport in his own garden, Washington named for his devoted old mother. It is such a lovely rose, and one can't help wisning that Washington had gone a little further and planted one beside a monument of his own rearing above his old mother's grave, on that lonely spot by the Rappahannock river.

After Four Presidents.

Those Buckskin Trousers. were one hundred years old, John Augustine Washington named them after Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, the four Presidents who succeeded Washington, who was his uncle. They go by those names row. Down at the end of the walk next to the green houses are the present the green houses are

"And do you know," said the Secretary, the experience of Kansas has made me believer in communal heredity. Kansas

got plenty of notices from the eastern papers.

"Of course, I wrote the entire paper in those days. And I want to tell you that I think the country paper of that day was a great deal better in every respect than the country paper of today. There was a column of good agricultural notes and a column of religious matter, and the paper was full of original stuff. In these days of patent insides, the country paper is made in the city. It does not furnish the wholesome reading that we used to find in the paper of forty years ago, and it does not give the training to the man who edits it. In the old days a man had to work if he was the editor of a country weekly. And I think, too, that the average of the literature which went into the farmer's home in those days was better than that of today. I mean the serial literature. The farmer's reading now is chiefly a Wild Bill literature whose tehdencies are far from good, "I ran the Nebraska City News for

Solicitous Aunt—"Mary, I do wish you wouldn't play tennis, it is such a dangerous game; didn't you hear that Nellie Smith

(Then the kind old lady

ing his tail and scooting around.

"No. Don't you see, I've got him hitched just like grandpa ties his horse when he comes to sae us?"

"Yes, sir. Just uzzackly," said the little

"Yes, sir. Just uzzackly," said the little girl.

They caught some more fish, and then they washed their hands, and had their lunch; and, what do you think? The little girl's "mamma had forgotten to put in a cup to drink out of.

"Never mind," Annie's papa told her, "I know where cups grow on bushes."

"Is there a tin cup tree?"

Her papa laughed and went to find a spring. It was a barrel stuck down into the ground with just its top sticking up, and it was full of nice, cold water, so cold that it would make the roof of your mouth ache if you took a big, long drink. Then her papa picked up a large leaf and rolled it up just like one of those cornucopla

water-proof. Like cork, these cements are non-conductors of heat and sound; they carbonize without giving any flame when exposed to a high temperature, do not decay and absorb very little water. Bricks made from the cement began only to crack under a pressure of 190 pounds per square inch, so that they should prove a valuable building material.

may be used with advantage. As to elasticity, the walls of a powder factory were constructed of the material, later an explosion occurred, the cork partitions (after greatly slackening the vibrations), tumbled to pieces, reducing the damage and loss of life to a minimum. As to lightness, as in high building construction, cork brick is superior to porous brick, having a specific gravity of only .38, against .70 of brick. As a water-proof material it is adapted to cellars, basements, bath rooms, etc. Cork brick is nearly fire-proof, giving off smoke, but no flame.

From the Daily Eastern Argus.

Natives of and visitors to Long Island had something to talk about Sunday. It Annie opened her mouth to say, and then he wondered: "What did I come down was rapidly approaching the hour of dusk, when one young man called out to som

get a header coasting down that hill like On came the rider, and, descending the hill, there was a distinctly feminine shriek as a body shot over the handle bars of the bike. This, of course, aroused the chivalrous nature of the boys, who naturally ran to the scene of the wreck.
"What's the matter, young feller?" asked

cne of the boys, soothingly.

"Feller, nothing," the rider replied. She remained sitting on the grass, for it was in reality a "she," and the boys beat a hasty There was great excitement, and a crowd gathered, among them being several ladies. There were tears in the fair bloom-erite's eyes as she flashed a message with

erite's eyes as she flashed a message with them toward the group of three ladies that had gathered at the scene of the mishap. It must have been mental telegraphy, for the ladies apparently understood, for they felt in their bodices for something that looked like pins.

The masculine spectators, politely turned their backs and walked away, while the ladies surrounded the young rider, who had not arisen from the grass. There was a short convention among the ladies, and in a few moments a somewhat disarranged pair of bloomers were seen disappearing over the hill toward the hast End.

Mocked Modesty.

fell and broke her limb?

fish.
"I don't believe I care for any."

ma'am?

her papa picked up a large leaf and rolled it up just like one of those cornucopia things that grow on a Christmas tree full of candy. He pinched up the bottom of it and dipped it into the spring, and the little girl thought the water tasted so good out of a leaf cup that she took a whole lot of drinks.

Then they went to fishing again, but something kept coming in front of the little girl's eyes and she kept brushing it away, and pretty soon she found herself slipping, slipping right down into the coof, green water. The little girl wondered why her papa didn't come along too, and then she wondered if her clothes wouldn't get all wet, and then she thought it was funny the water didn't bubble in her ears and make that nasty noise it did when she

she wondered: "What did I come down for?"

"Hay? Speak up. I can't hear you. Take that thing out of your mouth and maybe you can speak plainer."

"I haven't anything in my mouth."

"Yes you have, too. That red thing."

"Well, whatever it is, take it out."

"I can't. It's fast. Besides, if I took it out I couldn't talk at all."

"Oh. well. then, let it stay. What did

out I couldn't talk at all."

"Oh, well, then, let it stay. What did you come down here for?"

"Oh, for a visit."

"A visit? I don't believe we've got one. Here Bass, you look round and see if you can't find a visit for the little girl."

"No, I came down to make a visit."

"What do you make it out of? Mud or grass or what?"

"I mean I came down to pay you a visit."

"Well then hand it over."

"Don't you understand? I came down to stay awhile and ask if you were pretty well."

well."

"Oh, I see. Why, we're pretty well, thank you. Won't you have a worm?"

"No, thank you. I don't like them. I never ate any."

"If you never ate any, you don't know whether they are good or not."

"They don't look nice, anyhow. I believe I'd like cake better."

"Cake? What's cake?" asked the sunfish. "Anything good to eat?"

try some?"
She thought she had eaten up every bit her mamma had put in the lunch, but she looked in her hand and there was a great Why, yes," said the sunfish.

For Boyd and way points, **9:40 p.m.
For Gaithersburg and way points, *6:00, *8:00
a.m., *12:50, *3:00, *4:33, **5:35, **7:05, **9:40,
**11:30 p.m.
For Washington Junction and way points, ***9:00,
9:30 a.m., *1:15 p.m. Express trains stopping
at principal stations only, *4:30, *5:30 p.m., week
days, 9:35 a.m., 1:30 and 3:15 p.m., Sondays.

For Bay Ridge, 9:15 a.m. and 4:28 p.m., week
days, 9:35 a.m., 1:30 and 3:15 p.m., Sondays.

ROYAL BRUELLINE FOR NEW YORK AND
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All trains illuminated with Pintsch light.
For Fhiladelphia, New York, Roston and the
East, week days (4:35 Dining Car), 11:30 (12:30
Dining Car), 3:00 (6:05 Dining Car), 11:30 (12:30
Dining Car), 3:00 (6:05 Dining Car), 9:00 p.m.
(12:01 night, Sleeping Car, open at 10:00 o'clock),
Sundays (4:35 Dining Car), 7:00 Dining Car), 0:00
a.m. Dining Car), (12:30 Dining Car), 3:00 (5:05
Dining Car), 8:00 (12:01 night). Sleeping Car opens
for passengers 10:00 p.m.

Buffet Parlor Cars on all day trains.
For Atlantic City, week days, 4:35, 7:00, 10:00
and 11:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m. Sundays, 4:55 a.m.,
12:30 p.m.
For Cape May, 4:55 a.m. (8:00 a.m. Saurday
only, 12:30 p.m. Sundays, 4:55 a.m.,
*Except Sunday. **Daily. **Sunday only,
*Except Sunday. **Theenth street, and at
depot.

CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Agt. B. B. CAMPBELL, Gen. Manager. jy12

CHAS. O. SCUILL. Gen. Pass. Agt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
Station corner of 6th and B streets.

In effect June 28, 1885.

10:20 A.M. PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED.—Pullman Sleeping, Dining, Smoking and Observation Cars Harrisburg to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cleveland and Toledo. Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Parlor and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to Pittsburg.

10:20 A.M. FAST LINE.—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Parlor and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to Pittsburg.

3:40 P.M. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS EXPRESS.—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Sleeping and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Chicago.

7:10 P.M. WESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Chicago, and Harrisburg to Cleveland. Dining Car to Chicago.

7:10 P.M. SOUTHWESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car Harrisburg to St. Louis, and Sleeping Car Harrisburg to Cincinnati.

10:40 P.M. PACIFIC EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg.

7:50 A.M. for Kane. Canandulgua. Rochester. and 10:40 P.M. PACIFIC EXPRESS.—Pollman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg.
150 A.M. for Kane, Canandnigua, Rochester, and Niagara Falls deily, except Sunday.
10:30 A.M. for Elmira and Renovo, daily, except Sunday.
10:40 P.M. for Williamsport daily, 3:50 P.M.
110 P.M. for Williamsport, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls daily, except Saturday, with Sleeping Car Washington to Suspension Bridge via Buffalo.

For Atlantic City, 9:00 (Saturdays only), 10:00, 11:00 A.M. week-days, 12:15 and 11:35 P.M.

General Manager. General Passenger Agent. (Picamont Air Line.) Schedule in effect July 28, 1805.

Schedule in effect July 28, 1805.

All trains arrive and leave at Pennsylvania Pressenger Station.

8:00 A.M.—Pressenger Station.

8:00 A.M.—Daily—Local for Danville. Connects at Manassas for Strasburg, daily, except Sunday, and at Lynchburg with the Norfolk and Western daily, and with C. & O. daily for Natural Bridge and Clifton Forge.

11:15 A.M.—Daily—The UNITED STATES FAST MAIL, carries Pullman Buffet Sleepers New York and Washington to Jacksonville, uniting at Charlotte with Pullman Sleeper for Augusta; also Pullman Sleeper New York to Montgomery, with connection for New Orleans; connects at Atlanta with Fullman Sleeper for Birmingham, Memphis and St. Louis.

ATTORNEYS.

MEDICAL.